

A
Common Whore

With all these Graces Grac'd:

Shee's very honest,
beautifull and chaste.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR.



AT LONDON:
Printed for *Henry Goffson*, and are to
be fould in Pannier-Alley.

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1632.

To no matter who

Lord, Maister, Good-
man, Gaffer, or Knaue,
Lady, Mistresse, Good-
wife, Gammer, or Whore,

Readers.

Iwould not haue you to take me for a
Brude or a Pander, for that I send a
Whore am I must you; for though it
be my pleasure to call her so, yet you
in the pursuing of her, and conuersing with her,
shall finde her honeste then some of your wines or
Motherhood indeede shee hath no great Kindred to
boast of, for my poore braine like Ioue was the fa-
ther and mother that begat and bare her like a new
Pallas and my Pen the Midwife that first wrap'd
her in ragged verses instead of clothes, where the
Printer hath vs'd her as he would be loth to be vs'd
himselfe, for he hath publish'd and proclaim'd all
her faults to the view of the world, and yet I know
the poore Whores paine is not past, for now she is
to be examin'd a thousand wayes, & tortur'd upon

The Epistle, &c.

the Rack of censure, and amongst all that shal view
and handle her, the hot whoremaister will deale
most discourteously with her, for when he perceiues
her honesty too hard for his Knauery, he will in an-
ger, with three tushes, foure pishes, fise mewes,
six wry mouthes, and seuen surmy faces, seare her
and pull her worse then the Rusti all Rabblement
did vse to vse cōmon whores on former Shroue
Tuesdayer. But all's one, let him doe his worst,
she is confidently arm'd with Innocencie: and the
threates or danger of the bad, cannot affright her,
but that she will attempt to recreate the good. In a
word, all that is amisse in her, I pray you impute to
my bad Tworship, and her owne frailty; all that
I hope of her, is, that she is a merry Whore, full
of good words: A kinde Whore to bee had for
money or loue any where; a true Whore and
constant, for shee will neuer forsake any man that
will keepe her: and (by reason shee is an honest
Whore) she is a poore Whore, and hath neither
money nor Sprats: so take my Whore amongst
yon as she is.

Now after this, I le be exceeding brieft
To send another Pamphlet call'd a Thiefe;
The Hue and Cry is out, and I protest,
Though he scape hanging, yet he shall be prest.

JOHN TAYLOR.



A VVHORE.

MY Booke, an honest *whore*, I fitly call,
Because it treats of *whores* in generall: (*whore*.
Then though this Pamphlet I doe name a
Let no man shun her company therefore,
For if ten thousand with her lodge and lye,
No reputation they shall lose thereby,
No cost * for dyet she at all requires,
No charge for change of changeable Attires,
No Coaches, or Carroaches she doth craue,
No base attendance of a Pand'ring Knaue,
Perfumes and Paintings, she abhorres and hates,
Nor doth she borrow haire from others pates.
And this much more Ile boldly say for her,
Who so redeemes her from the Stationer
With whom she as a Slaue is kept in hold,
And at his pleasure daily bought and sold)
I say, that man that doth her ransome pay,
She will requite his kindnesse euery way,
Her Inside with such Treasurie is stor'd,
As may become the Pocket of a Lord,

A cheaps
Whore.

A Whore.

* A strange
Whore,
common
and yet
honest.

All from the Cottage, to the Castle high,
From Pallatines vnto the Peasantry,
(If their le permit their wisedomes Rule their will)
May keepe this *Whore*, and yet be honest still.
Yet is she *Common*, vnto all that craue her,
For sixe pence honest man or Knaue may haue her,
To be both turn'd and tost, she free affords,
And (like a prating *Whore*) she's full of words,
But all her talke is to no other end,
Then to teach *Whoremaisters* and *Whores* to mend,
She in plaine termes vnto the world doth tell,
Whores are the Hackneyes which men ride to hell,
And by Comparisons she truly makes, not T
A *Whore* worse then a common Shore, or Lakes.
A Succubus, a damned snake of sinne, a worse not fit
A Mire, where worse then swine doe wallow in,
And with a *Whore* (although thus plaine she be)
She shewes a *Whoremonger* as bad as she,
And though I barren am of Elloquence,
Nor euer vnderstood my *Acquiescence*,
Yet though I haue no learning to my share,
A *Whore* to broken Lattin I'll compare,
First, if her minde on *Whoring* she doth fix, as ride be
She's all compact of minde, all *Merritt*, as ol of on
And with small teaching she will soone decline
Mulier into the Gender *Masculine*, as mules q aid
By her Attire, of which sex she should be,
She seemes the *doubtfull Gender* vnto me, as illi
To either side her habit seemes to lean,
And may be taken for the *Epitome*, as moped ym

A Whore.

Vnto the *Newter* I compare her can,
 For she's for thee, or me; or any man.
 In her Declensions she so farre will goe,
 As to the *common* of *two*, *three*, or *more*.
 And come to *horum*, *harum*, *uerborum*, then yam and I
 She proues a great proficient amongst men.
 Then after she hath learn'd these Lessons right,
 She forward goes vnto *hoc* *lene* light,
 She paints out *pulcher*, ayded by her glasse,
 She's neither *bonus*, or yet *bonitas*.
Homo for all men, is a common name,
 And she for all men is a common shame.
 Not *lapis* singularly, her can please,
 She loues the plurall number *lapides*.
 To Conster plainly she is feldome curiously,
 The two hard words of *durus*, and of *duritia*.
 Though she's not past the Whip, she's past the Rods,
 And knowes to ioyne her *quies*, her *quies*; *Et quod*.
 The *Alfine* from the *Passive* she'll deriue,
 Her *Mood* commaunds like the *Imperative*.
 She knowes no *Concords*, yet to all men thus,
 She faine would be *Iucundus omnibus*.
Clam is the Cloake, that couers her offence,
 Her goodnes all is in the *Future tense*.
 She's *facile fers*, (quickly wonne)
 Or Constring truly; *Easte to be done*.
Parui ducitur probitas, sets forth
 Her honesty is reckond litle worth.
 And he that finds, that takes her for his choyce,
 An *Interiection*, or *Imperative*.

A Whore.

Among the rules of Gender, she by heart,
Can without missing daily say her part.
The first among them all she liketh best,
Propria quæ Maribus, and there she'll rest.
Thus may a *Whore* be made (by this Construction)
Vnto the Grammar Rules an Introduction,
But yet if Learning might be gotten so,
Few to the Vniuersities would goe.
And all degrees, tagge ragge, and old and young,
Would be well grounded in the Latine tongue :
Whil'st many learn'd men would be forc'd to seeke
Their liuings from the Hebrew and the Greeke.
For mine owne part I dare to sweare and vow
I ne're vs'd *Accidence* so much as now,
Nor all these Latine words here enterlac'd,
I doe not know if they with sense are plac'd,
I in the Booke did finde them, and conclude
At randon to a *Whore* I them allude.
But leauing *Latins*, eu'ry Trading *Wench*
Hath much more vnderstanding of the *French*.
If she hath learn'd great P, O Perse O,
She'll quickly know *De morbo Gallico*.
If in these Rudiments she well doth enter,
With any man she neuer feares to venter :
She's Impudently arm'd, and shamelesse to,
And neuer dreads what man to her can do,
Her neather part to stake she'll often lay
To keepe her vpper part in fashion, gay,
She blushes not to haue her Trade well knowne,
Which is, she liues by vsing of her owne.

All Whore.

Her shop, her ware, her fame, her shame, her game,
'Tis all her owne, which none from her can claime.
And if she be halfe mad, and Curse and sweare,
And fight, and bite, and scratch, and domineere :
(Yet still she proues her patience to be such,
*Midst all these passions she will beare too much.
She is not Couetous for any thing,
For what she hath, men doe vnto her bring,
(Her Temp'rance is a vertue of much honour)
And all her Commings in, are put vpon her.
She's generall, she's free, she's liberall
Of hand and purse, she's open vnto all,
Shee is no miserable hidebound wretch,
To please her friend at any time shee'le stretch,
At once she can speake *true*, and *lye*, or either,
And is at home, abroad, and altogether.
She's nimbler then a Tumbler, as I thinke
Layes downe, and takes vp, whilst a man can winke.
And though she seeme vnmeasur'd in her pleasure,
**Tis otherwayes, a Tard's* her onely measure.
But as most *Whores* are vicious in their fames,
So many of them haue most Vertuous names,
Though bad they be, they will not bate an Ace
To be cald *Prudence, Temp'rance, Faith, or Grace,*
Or *Mercy, Charity*, or many more,
Good names (too good to giue to any *Whore*)
Much from the Popes of *Rome* they doe not sweare,
For they haue Names which they doe ill deserue,
Onely betwixt them heere's the difference on't,
A *Whore* receiues her Name first at the *Fons.*

He

The

A Whore.

The Roman Bishop takes a larger scope;
For he doth Change his name, when hee's a Pope.
As, if he were a Persecuting *Saul*,
If he please hee'l be call'd a Preaching *Paul*.
Is his name *Swinesnose*, he can change the Case,
And swap away that Name for *Boniface*.
If he be most vngodly, and enniuous,
Yet if he please, he will be called *Pious*.
Be he by Nature to all mischief bent,
He may and will be called *Innocent*,
And be he ne're so doggedly inclinde,
Hee'le be nam'd *Urbane*, if it be his minde.
If he be much more fearefull then a Sheepe,
The Name of *Lee* he may haue and keepe.
And though he be vnnmercifull yet still,
He may be called *Clement* if he will.
Thus *Popes* may haue good names, though bad the
And so may *Whores*, though different in degre.
The Annagram of *Whore*'s her mortall foe,
Deuided into two wordes, tis *Hee Wo*.
And seriously (to lay all Iesting by)
A *Whore* is *Her owne Wo*, and misery.
For though she haue all pleasures at the full,
Much more then *Thaies*, that proud *Corinthian* Trull
Who suffered none but Kings and Potentates
To haue their pleasures, at Excessive rates,
Yet all that Deare bought Lechery would be
The greater brand of lasting Infamy,
And though her *Carrion Corps*, rich clad, high fed,
(Halfe rotten *Living*, and all rotten *Dead*)

Wh

A Whore.

Who with her hellish Courage, stout and hot,
 Pope. Abid the brunt of many a prickshaft shot,
 Yet being dead, and doth Consumed lye,
 Her euerlasting shame shall neuer dye,
 In *IXION* (in his armes) he did suppose
 That he the Goddesse *Iuno* did inclose,
 But in the end his franticke error show'd,
 That all which he Embrac'd was but a Cloud,
 So whosoever doe their Lust embrace,
 In stead of *Loue* are clouded with disgrace.
 The Goddesse *Venus*, honour'd with
 For Conqu'ring of the Conqu'ring God of Warre,
 To hide their shame they no defence could get,
 When limping *Vulcan* took them in a net,
 And being past shame, with that foule offence,
 (be Shee arm'd herselfe with shamelesse Impudence,
 And with vngodly articles would proue,
 That foule Concupiscence and Lust is *Loue*,
 For which each baudy Knaue, and filthy Whore,
 Her deuillish Diety doe still adore.
 I haue read Histories that doth Repeat
 Whores were of olde in estimation Great,
Pandemus King of *Corinth*, he Erected
 (That he from *Perses* power might be protected)
 A Temple vnto *Venus*, as some say,
 Where Whores might for his safety safely pray.
 And some in *Ephesus*, did Temples reare,
 In whom the *Paphian* Queene adored were,
 Where they that were the wickedst Whores of all,
 Were the chiefe Priests in robes Pontificall
 Whom

127.
128.

Heere I

haue for

Some 60.

lines follo-

wed the re-

ports of Gor-

geius Agrippa

pa, in his

Vanity of sci-

ences.

And

A Whore.

And in the Ile of *Paphos*, 'twas the vſe
 Maydes got their Dowries, by their Corps abuſe,
 But if that order were allowed heere,
 So many would not Portions want I feare.
 The Art of Bawd'ry was in ſuch reſpect
 Amongſt th' *Egyptians*, that they did erect
 An Altar to *Priapus*, and their guiſe
 Vvas, that their Priests on it did Sacrifice.
 VVife *Aristotle*, was in wit ſo poore,
 He Sacrific'd to *Hermia*, his *whore*.
 Great *Iulius Caesar*, was ſo free and Common,
 And cald a Husband vnto euery woman.

* *Sermatian*
 Maydes.

Proculus Emperour, (the Story ſayes)
 Deſlowr'd one hundred Maydes * in Fifteene dayes
 If all be true that Poets vſe to write,
Hercules lay with Fifty in one night.
 When *Heliogabius*, Romes Scepter ſway'd,
 And all the world his lawleſſe Lawes obey'd:
 He in his Court did cauſe a Stewes be made,
 Whereas *Cum privilegio*, *Whores* did trade.
 H'inuited Two and twenty of his friends,
 And kindly to each one a *Whore* he lends.
 To ſet *Whores* free, that then in bondage lay,
 A mighty Maſſe of money he did pay,
 He (in one day) gaue to each *whore* in Rome
 A *Ducat*, (a large and ill beſtowed ſumme.)
 He made Orations vnto *Whores*, and ſaid
 They were his Soldiers, his Defence and ayde,
 And in his ſpeech he ſhew'd his wit ſ'acute,
 Of ſundry formes of Bawd'ry to diſpute.

30. pound
 waight a
 peece.

And Luſt

A Whore.

And after giuing vnto euery *Whore*,
For list'ning to his tale three Duckats more,
With Pardon vnto all, and Liberty
That would be *Whores* within his Monarchy.
And yearly pensions, he freely gaue,
To keepe a Regiment of *Whores*, most braue.
And oft he had (when hee in Progressse went)
Of *Whores*, Bawdes, Panders, such a Rabblement
Sixe hundred Waggon, History reports,
Attended onely on these braue Consorts.
This was a Royall *Whoremaster* indeed,
A speciall * Benefactor at *their* need,
But now since *Heliohabilus* deceast,
I thinke the world with *Whores* is so increast,
That if it had an Emperour as mad,
He might haue twice so many as he had.
For by experience we see euery day
That bad thinges doe increase, good things decay.
And vertue (with much care) from vertue breeds,
Vice freely springs from vice like stincking weeds.
Sardanapalus King of *Babylon*,
Was to his *whores* such a Companion,
That he in their Attire did Sowe and sing,
(An exercise vnfitting for a King)
This seruient Lust, (which some call ardent *Ioue*)
Did cause the Bastard * of the mighty *Ioue*
To please his *Iole*, he tooke a Wheele
And (laying by his Club) did Spin and Reele.
Great *Ioue* himselfe, could not this snare escape,
And Lust led him on to many a shamelesse Rape.

*Or rather
malefactor

* *Hercules*.

Poore

A. K. Thorne

• *Jupiter*
transformed
himselfe to
all these
shapes to
attaine his
desire.

Poore Hebe, Hele,* Danuz, and Europa;
Alcmena, Io, Semele, and Leada;
Antiopa, Asterie, Ganymede,
These and a number more his fancy fed
To compass which his shifts were manifold
T'a Bull, a Ram, a Swan, a Showre of Golde,
To dreadfull Thunder, and consuming Fire,
And all to quench his inward flames desire.

* The Bay
tree or
Lawrell
is a tree
of the same

Apollo turn'd faire *Daphne* into * Bay,
 Because she from his Lust did flye away.
 He lou'd his *Hiacint*, and his *Coronis*,
 As feruently as *Venus* lou'd *Adonis*,
 So much he from his Godhead did decline,
 That for a Wench he kept *Admetus* Kine,
 And many other *Gods* have gone astray,
 If all be true which *Ouids* Booke doth say.

* *Achilles*,
who was
slain (be-
sought to
his Death)
for the love
of *Polixena*.
* *Tereus* K.
of *Thrace*,
ate of his
own Son &
his made in-
to py-meat
by his wife
Progne.
* A Tyrant
Prince in
Corinth.

Thus to fulfill their Lusts, and win their Truies,
We see that these vngodly Gods were Gulls,
The mighty Capitaine (of the *Mermidons*)
Being Captur'd to these base passions,
Met an vntimely vncexpected slaughter
For faire *Polixena*, King *Priams* Daughter
Lucretia's Rape, was *Tarquins* overthrowe,
(Shame often payes the debt that sinne doth owe)
VVhat *Philomela* lost, and *Tereus* wonne
It causde the lustfull Father eate his Sonne
In this vice *Nero* tooke such beastly ioy,
He married was to *Sporus*, a youngling boy,
And *Pariander* was with Lust so led,
He with *Melissa* lay, when she was Dead.

* A Tyrant
Prince in
Corinth.

Pigmali

A Whore.

Pigmalion, * with an Image made of Stone,
 Did Loue and lodge; (T'le rather lye alone.)
Aristophanes, joyn'd in Loue would be
 To a shee Ass, but what an Ass was he.
 A Roman *Appius* did in Tayle abide
 For Loue of faire *Virginia*, where he dyde.
 Our second *Henry*, * Aged, Childish, fondy,
 On the faire feature of faire *Rosamond*,
 That it rais'd most vnaturall hatefull strife
 Betwixt himselfe, his Children, * and his wife.
 The end of which was, that the jealous Queene
 Did poyson *Rosamond* in furious spleene.
 The fourth King *Edward* lower did discreed
 To a Goldsmiths wife * his loue did bend.
 His sugred sinne hath bin so generally
 That it hath made the Strongest Champions fall.
 Or *Sithem* rauisht * *Dina*, for which deed
 A number of the *Sithemites* did bleed.
 And *Sampson*, in the prime of manly strength,
 By *Dallia*, was ouercome at length.
 King * *Dauid* frailly fell, and felt the paine,
 And with much sorrow, was restor'd againe.
 Though *Saul* his foe he no way would offend,
 At this blinde made him kill his loyall friend.
 And *Amnon* with *Thamar*, Incest did commit,
 And *Abfalon* depriv'd his Life for it.
 And *Satan* allow'd most Royall meanes
 To keepe 3. hundred Queenes, 7. hundred Queanes,
 By whose meanes to Idolatry he fell
 Most as lowe as to the Gates of Hell.

And

Pigmalion

* *Plutarch*.
 * *Appius*
 murdered
 himself, be-
 cause *Vir-*
ginius father
 had slaine
 her, to free
 her fro his
 Lust.

* *K Henry*
 the 2. King
 of England.

* At *Wood-*
stocke.

* *Mrs. Shore*.

* She was *Le-*
cobs daugh-
 ter, whose
 Rape was
 accursedly
 reuenged
 by his bre-
 theren, *Si-*
meon & *Leui*.
Genesis.

* *2. Sam. 11.*

* *2. Sam. 11.*

* *2. Sam. 11.*

* *2. Sam. 11.*

* *2. Sam. 11.*

* *2. Sam. 11.*

* *2. Sam. 11.*

* *2. Sam. 11.*

A Whore.

At last repeating, he makes declaration,
That all was vanity, and spirits vexation.
Abundance of Examples men may finde,
Of Kings and Princes to this vice inclin'd,
Which is no way for meaner men to goe,
Because their betters oft haue wandred so,
For they were plagu'd of God, and so shall wee
Much more, if of their sinne we partners bee.
To shew what Women haue bin plunged in
The bottomlesse Abisse of this sweet sinne :
There are examples of them infinite,
Which I ne're meane to reade, much lesse to write
To please the Reader though I'le set downe some
As they vnto my memory doe come.
Flora a Whore in Rome, great wealth did win,
By her deare trading and her Committings in,
Which wealth she freely gaue when she did dye
Vnto the *Roman* people generally,
For which they all (to shew their thanks vnto her)
Made her a Goddesse, and did Reuerence doe her
And *Laies of Corinth*, ask'd *Demosthenes*
One hundred Crownes for one nights busines,
For which a crew of *Whores* did set vpon her,
A *Whore* she was, and *Whores* to death did stone
There was a famous Whore * *Rhodope* nam'd
Who for her gaine, at such high price she gam'd,
That she (most liberall) did the Charges beare,
A stately high Piramides to Reare.
Great *Julius Cesar*, was much ouerscene
With *Cleopatra* the *Egyptian* Queene :

Shee was
seruant to
Exanibius, &
fellow to E-
lope the Fa-
bulist.

A Whore.

And after she insnar'd *Marke Anthony*,
For which they both by their owne hands did dye.

Semiramis plaid the inhumane Trull,

And was enamour'd with a beaſtly *Bull*;

So did *Pasipha*, but me thinkes 'tis ſtrange,

That *Queenes* ſo far from womenhood ſhould range.

Mirha (*Adonis* mother) cauſ'd her father

The flow'r of her virginity to gather.

If wiſe *Vlyſſes*, had not well beene arm'd,

Inchanting *Circe*, had his honour charm'd,

When luſtfull *Paris* ſtole the luſtfull Punke

Faire *Hellen*, had the Ship that bore them ſunke,

Then thirty Kings in peace at home had ſtaide,

Nor *Troy* or *Troians* in their ruines laide,

Faire *Meffalina*, a moſt royall Whore,

(Wiſe unto *Claudius* the Emperour)

The ſports of *Venus* in the Stewes did play,

Sometimes full ſiue and twenty times a day.

Marcus Aurelius did faire *Fauſtine* wed,

And ſhe with Whoring did ad-horne his head.

And many Princes and great Potentates,

With *Vulcans* creſt haue arm'd their noble pates :

This to the pooreſt Cuckold ſeemes a bliſs,

That he with mighty Monarchs ſharer is,

That though to be Cornuted be a griefe,

Yet to haue ſuch braue partners, is reliefe.

Theſe Whores & Whoremaiſters, which I haue nam'd,

And thouſands more (in Hiſtories defam'd)

With partiall ſelfe-opinion did approve,

Their ſenſuality and luſt was *Loue*.

a *Queene*
of *Babylon*,
ſlaine by
her ſonne,
whom ſhe
would haue
had to haue
layne with
her.

b *Pasipha*,
wiſe to
Minas king
of *Crete*.

c *Meffalina*
and *Fauſtina*
two Em-
preſſes.

B

When

AlWhore.

When as the odds is more then day from night,
 Or fire from water, blacke from purest white.
 The one with *God*, one with the *Devill* doth dwell,
 Loue comes frō *heaven*, and lust doth spring frō *hell*.
 But the old Prouerb, ne're will be forgot,
 A *Leachers* loue is (like *Sir Riuence*) hot.
 And on the suddaine cold as any stone,
 For when the lust is past, the loue is gone.
 But loue is such a blessing from on hie,
 Whose zealous seruency can neuer dye,
 It out-lives life, and the ascending flame
 Mourns to the God of *Loue*, from whence it came.
 Lust made ^a *Serbs* sonnes, with fornication vaine,
 Ioyne with the daughters of accursed *Caine*.
 And the world suffred, for their fornication
 Depopulation, by the inundation.
 And twenty and foure thousand *Israelites*
 Dyde for this sinne amongst the ^a *Midianites*.
 For the not punishing this fact (almost)
 The Tribe of ^b *Beniamin* were slaine and lost.
 May this be call'd loue, then call vertue vice,
 And every bawdy house, a Paradise.
 If lust were loue, it would not like a Wolfe,
 Drowne Lquers hearts in Desperations Gulfe,
 A Theban, ^c *Hemon*, himselfe madly kill'd,
 On his to detre decrees Tombe his heart blood spild.
 For *Phaon* (a poore Watermans sweet sake)
 Faire *Sapho* from a rocke, her ^d neck she brake.
Pheadra, for her *Hippollitus*, they say,
 Did hang her selfe, and make a Holy-day.

Geness.
 Numbers.
 Iudg. 19.
 20. and 21.
 cha. 6, 5000.
 were slaine
 of the Isra-
 elites, and
 there re-
 mained of
 the Benia-
 minites only
 600.
 For Anti-
 gona the
 daughter
 of Oedi-
 us
 and Iocasta.
 The more
 foole thee,
 though she
 were a Pot-
 tessie.

A Whore.

And *Phyllis* for *Demophoon* did as much,
 Y^ele neuer loue, if Loues effects be such.
 To quench the *Carthaginian* & *Queenes* desire,
 She burnt her selfe vpon a pile of fire;
 If either *Piramus*, or *Thisby* had
 Not beene starke fooles, or else exceeding mad,
 The doting, idle misconceiuing Elues,
 So desperately, had ne're fore-done themselues.
 Thus all the difference betwixt loue and lust,
 Is, one is iust, the other is vniust,
 Search but in Histories, and men may finde
 Exam^{ps}les beyond numb^ring, of this kinde,
 How of both Sexes, each estate, and sort
 Of people, from the Cottage to the Court,
 Haue madly ran this course, som hang'd, som drown'd,
 Burnt, staru'd, & stabd theselues with many a wound;
 Or pin'd away like Coxcombs, euer crauing
 To haue the thing, that's neuer worth the hauing.
 In *Antwerp*, many filthy *Whores* I saw,
 That for their Trading were allowde by Law.
 And I in *Prague* did see a streete of *Whores*,
 An English mile in length, who at their dores,
 Did stand and ply (rich clatt, and painted face)
 More hard then euer I plyde for a fare.
 Th' *Italian* Stewes (to make the Pope good cheere)
 Payd twenty thousand Duckets in a yeece.
 Besides, they giue a Priest (t' amend his fee)
 The profit of a *Whore*, or two or three,
 Me thinkes it must be bad Diuinity,
 That with the Stewes hath such affinity;

• Shee was
 daughter to
Lycurgus K.
 of *Tbrace*.
 • Sonne to
Thescus.
 • *Dida*, for
Enae, bur-
 ned her
 selfe.

• Almost
 euery yere,
 a duckett is
 more then,
 8. shillings,
 which sum
 is 8000.l.

A Whore.

'Tis a mad doctrine Leachery shall pay
A Church-mans stipend, that should preach & pray
And in those Stewes, where women are so common
In entertaining all, refusing no man,
Whereas a father with a *Whore* may lye,
Which done, his sonne his place may hap supply,
And then an Vnckle, or a brother may
Succeed each other in that damned play.
For no propinquity, or no degree
Of Kin, that haunt there, that can sweare th'are free
From this commixion, and which is worst,
A *Whore* may haue a Bastard, borne and nurst,
And growne a woman, and to this Trade set her,
May be a *Whore* to him that did beget her,
Or to her brothers, or to all her Kin,
She may be prostituted in this sin.
And therefore to conclude this point, I muse
That Christian Common-wealthes allow a Stues;
I thinke that Thieues as well allow'd should be,
As *Whores* and *Whoremasters* should thus be free.
They from the Heathen doe examples bring,
That *Whoring*, is a rare commodious thing,
There was an ancient vse in *Babylon*,
When as a womans stock was spent and gone,
Her liuing it was lawfull then to get,
Her carkasse out to *Liuerie* to let.
And *Venus* did allow the *Cyprian* Dames,
To get their liuings by their bodies shames,
Lycurgus did a Law in *Sparta* make,
That all men might their Barren wiues forsake:

A Whore.

And by the same Law it ordained was,
Wiues might vnable husbands turne to grals.
And the wise *Solon* the *Athenian*,
Allow'd *Whores* to be free for any man.
And though these things the Pagan people did,
Yet Christian gouernments these things forbid,
But there's no Common-wealth maintaines the same,
But where the ^a Pope is Landlord of the game.
The Stewes in *England* bore a beastly sway,
Till the eight ^b *Henry* banish'd them away,
And since those comon *whores* were quite put down,
A damned crew of priuate *whores* are growne,
So that the deuill will be doing still,
Either with publique or with priuate ill.
Thus much for *whoring* I must say agen,
It hath produced many valiant men :
Braue Bastards, haue beene famous Conquerours,
And some great Lords, and Kings, and Emperours.
As *Hercules Iones* mighty Bastard sonne,
And ^c *Alexander* King of *Macedon* :
Clodoue King of *Fraunce*, from Bastardy,
And *William* Conquerour, from *Normandy*,
These and a number more I could recite,
Besides the vnknowne number's infinite.
And sure that wretched man that married is
Vnto a wife dispos'd to this amiss,
Is mad to wrong himselfe at all thereby,
With heart grieffe and tormenting ielousie.
If he hath cause for't, let him then forsake her,
And pray God mend her, or the deuill take her :

^a Not in any place but where Romes supremacy is allowed.
^b Anno Regni 37.

^c So sayes *Cornelius Agrippa*, but I finde it otherwise in *Quintus Curtius*.

A Whore.

If he hath no cause to be iecalous then,
He's worthy to be made the scorne of men,
Thus cause or no cause, man himselfe should arme,
That iecalousie should neuer doe him harme.
The *Nicholaitanes*, to auoyd the paine
Of iecalousie, amongst them did ordaine,
That all their married wiues, of each degree,
To euery one a common *Whore* should be.
And so amongst them one could hardly finde,
A Cuckold that did beare a iecalous minde.
When I but thinke what Sciences, and Arts,
What men and women, full of ex'lent parts,
Forget their functions, lay their vertues by,
And waite and liue, and thrine by *Lecherie*.
A Poets Art, all other Arts excell,
If he hath skill and grace to vse it well:
Yet many times 'tis vs'd most base and vile,
When it descends vnto a bawdy stile,
To turne good humane studies, and diuine,
Into most beastly lines, like *Aretine*.
To seeke to merrit euer-living Bayes,
For sordid stuffe (like *Quid* lustfull Dayes.)
With false bewitching verses to entice
Fraile creatures from faire vertue to foule vice,
Whose flattery makes a *whore* to seeme a Saint,
That stinkes like carrion, with her pox and paint.
Comparing her (with false and odious lies)
To all that's in or vnderneath the skies.
Her eyes to *Sunnes*, that doth the *Sunne* Eclipse,
Her cheekes are *Roses*, (*Rubies* are her lips).

A Whore.

Her white and red Carnation mixt with snow,
Her teeth to orientall pearle, a Rowe,
Her voyce like Musick of the heau'nly Sphaeres,
Her haire like thrice refined golden Wires,
Her breath more sweet then Aromatick drugs,
Like Mownts of Allablaster are her dugs,
Her *Bracelets, Rings, her Scarfs, her Fans, her Chains,*
Are subiects to inspire a Poets braine :
But aboue all her *Smock* most praise doth win,
For 'tis the Curtaine next vnto her skin,
Her loose *Gowne*, for her looser body fit,
Shall be adored with a flash of wit,
And from the *Chin-clowt*, to the lowly *Slipper*,
In *Helliconian* streames his praise shall dip her.
I leaue vnnam'd what is affected best,
As 'tis most fit, for it maintaines the rest,
Her thighes, her knees, her legs, her feete, and all,
From top to toe are supernaturall.
Her Iuory hands, with saphire veines inlayde,
Vvhich cannot be by mortall Pen displayde.
Her smile makes cold December Sommer like,
Her frowne, hot Iune with shiuering Frost can strike,
And life and death doth in her lookes abide,
Or many Knaues and Fooles that said so lyde.
Her Shapperoones, her Perriwigs and Tires,
Are Reliques, which this flatt'ry much admires,
Rebatoes, Maske, her Busk and Busk-point to,
Are things to which mad men must homage doe.
Her Verdingale, her Garters, Shooes and Roses,
Her Girdle that her wastfull waste incloses.

A Whore.

Not one of these but's honour'd with a Sonnet,
If the said Poet be but set vpon it.
Another seekes to winne his Wenches will,
With oylie Oratories smoothing skill:

As thus.

* Pallas.

Most inestimable Magazin of Beauty, re-
Maister-piece of Nature, Perfections wal-
der, and Loues Quintessence, in whom the po-
and maiestie of Iuno, the feature of Cithere
the wisdome of Ioues Braine-bred * Girle, a
chastity of Diana, and the constancie of Lucr-
cia, haue their domesticall habitation, who
the Goddesses are deifide, with the Graces gra-
ced, with the Vertues stellside, with the Mus-
honourd, and with the senses admired: vouchsa-
dread Empresse of my Affections, to pardon
intrusive boldnesse of my vntun'd tongue (which
was neuer tippt with the Courtly Glosse of Adu-
tion) who being the Ambassadour of my heart
doth prostrate my selfe and my best seruices to
disposed of at your great commaunds, and as
Refulgent beames of Titan makes puritie of obscu-
rity, so one glance or glimpse of the translucent
of your eyes sunne dazeling corruscancie, will
exile all the cloudy vapours of heart-torment
ting moody mellancholly, that like an vsurper

Tyrant

A Whore.

Tyrant hath Captivated your humble suppliant,
thus feruently to Implore your Clemency.

Heere's a sweete deale of scimble scamble stuffe,
To please my Lady *Wagtayle*, (marry muffle)
Gep with the *Grinckcomes*, (but I speake too late)
This kinde of flatt'ry, makes a *Whore* take state,
Growes pocky proud, & in such port doth beare her,
That such poore scabs as I, must not come neare her.
Thus may she liue, (much honour'd for her Crimes)
And haue the Poxe some twelue or 13. times,
And shee may be so bountifull agen,
To sell those Poxe to three or fourescore men.
And thus the Surgeons may get more by farre
By *Whores* and Peace, then by the Sword and warre.
And thus a *Whore* (if men consider of it)
Is an encreasing gainefull peece of profit.
But of all *Whores*, that I haue nam'd before,
There's none so Cunning as the Citty *Whore*,
Shee hath so many seuerall sorts of Bawdes,
To cloake and couer her deceipts and fraudes,
That sure the Deuill cannot more deuise
Then she, to blinde her horned Husbands eyes.
She offers Purles to sell, and fine Bone-lace,
And whispers that her Friend's in such a place:
Second offers Starch, and tels her how
Her sweet-heart tarries for her at the Plowe,
Third sels Wafers, and a fourth hath Pins,
And with these tricks these Bawdes admittance wins.

That

✓
"Grinckcomes
is an Vtopi-
an worde,
which is in
English a P.
at Paris.

A Whore.

That had her Husband *Argos* eyes, yet he
By these deceiuers should deceiued be,
If all these fayle, a Begger woman may,
A sweet Loue letter to her hands conuay.
Or a neate Laundresse, or a Hearbwife can,
Carry a sleeuelesse message now and than,
Or if this fayle, her teeth may Ake (forsooth)
And then the Barbar must come drawe a Tooth.
Or else she may be sicke (vpon Condition)
That such a Doctor may be her Phyfition,
He feeles her pulses, and applies his trade
With Potions which th' Apothecary made,
All's one for that. her health she quickly gaines,
Her Husband payes the Doctor for his paines.
But of all Bawdes, Golde is the Bawde indeed,
It feldome speakes but it is sure to speed:
It can blinde Watches, open bolts and lockes,
Breake walles of Stone, as hard as Marble rockes,
Make Iron barres giue way, and Gates flye ope,
Giues Lust the reynes to run with boundlesse foe,
Kills Iealousie, appeases Riuals, and
Doth what the owners will or can Command,
And last of all it stops the biting iawes
Of the iust rigorous, and seuerest Lawes.
I therefore say, he that hath Golden pelfe,
Hath a good Bawde, if so he please himselfe,
Those that hath Gold, can want no Bawds or Que,
Except they vse a meane, to guide their meanes.
To end this point, this consequence Ile graunt,
Those that haue Golden Bawds, no *Whores* can vis count

A Whore.

And though the mighty power of *Go'de* be such,
Yet *Silver* (many times) can doe as much:
Thus euery wealthy *Whoremaster* may beare
His *Bawde* in's purse, or pocket any where:
For mine owne part, I liue not in such want,
But that I eate and sleepe, though Coyne be scant:
And cause I want the *Bawde* I nam'd before,
By Consequence I needs must want the *Whore*.
And wanting of them both, I hope to be
From *Gonns*, *Pox*, and extortion euer free.
But as there's wondrous difference in mens meate,
So is the ods of *Whores* exceeding great:
Some *Rampant*, & some *Couchant*, and some *Passant*,
Some *Guardant*, & some *Dormant*, & some *Cressant*,
Some *Pendant*, some (a *Pox* on't) but the best on't,
A priuate *Whore*, trades safely, there's the best on't.
Besides, as *Whores* are of a seuerall cut,
So fitting Titles on them still are put:
For if a *Princes* loue to her decline,
For manners sake shee's call'd a *Concubine*:
A great Lord, or Knight affect a *Whore*,
She must be tearm'd his Honours *Paramore*,
The rich Gull Gallant call's her *Deare* and *Loue*,
Ducke, *Laribe*, *Squall*, *Sweethart*, *Cony*, and his *Doue*:
A pretty *Wench* she's with the Countrey-man,
And a *Kinde Sister* with the Puritane,
She's a *Priests Lemman*, and a *Tinkers Pad*,
Or *Dell*, or *Doxy* (though the names be bad)
And amongst Soldiers this sweet peece of Vice
Is counted for a *Captaines Cockatrice*.

A scraping
miserable
father, that
cares not
how he get
Golde to
leauie it to
a Whore-
master his
Son, is his
Sons prou-
dent Bawd.

And

A Whore.

But the mad Rascall, when he's frue parts drunke,
Cals her his *Drab*, his *Queane*, his *lyb*, or *Punke*,
And in his fury 'gins to Rayle and Rore,
Then with full mouth, he trucly cals her *Whore*,
And so I leaue her, to her hot desires,
'Mongst *Pimps* and *Panders*, and base *Aple squins*,
To mend or end, when Age or Pox will make her
Detested, and *Whoremasters* all forsake her.

A Comparison betwixt a Whore and a Booke.

ME thinks I heare some Cauillers obiect
That 'tis a Name absurd and indirect,
To giue a Booke the Title of a *Whore*,
When sure I thinke no Name befits it more.
For like a *Whore* by day light, or by Candle,
'Tis euer free for euery Knaue to handle :
And as a new *Whore* is belou'd and sought,
So is a new *Booke* in request and bought,
VVhen *Whores* waxe old & stale, they're out of
Olde Pamphlets are most subiect to such fate.
As *Whores* haue *Panders*, to emblaze their worth,
So these haue *Stationers* to set them forth.
And as an olde *Whore* may be painted new
VVith borrowed Beauty, faire vnto the view,
VVhereby she for a fine fresh *whore* may passe,
Yet is she but the Rotten *whore* she was.
So *Stationers*, their olde cast Bookes can grace,
And by new Titles paint a fresh their face,

VVhen folde

A Whore.

Whereby for Currant they are past away,
As if they had come forth but yesterday.
A *Booke* is Dedicated, now and then
To some great worthy, or vaworthy man:
Yet for all that 'tis common vnto me,
For thee, or he, or all estates that be,
And so a man may haue a *Whore* (forsooth)
Supposing she is onely for his tooth,
But if the truth he would search out and looke,
She's common vnto all men like a *Booke*.
A *Booke* with gawdy Coate, and silken stringes,
Whose inside's full of Obsceane beastly thinges,
Is like a *Whore*, Caparison'd and trap'd,
Full of Infection, to all mischief apr.
As one *Whore* may be common vnto any,
So one *Booke*, may be Dedicate to many.
And sure I say, and hope I speake no slaunder,
Of such a *Booke*, the *Poet* is the Pander.
He prostitutes his Muse to euery one,
Which should be Constant vnto one alone,
This is a kinde of Bawd'ry vile and base,
His bounty, and is Poetryes disgrace.
And least they should be lost it is ordain'd,
That *Bookes* within a Library are Chain'd,
Whoe that to himselfe will keepe a *Whore*,
Must Chaine her, or she'll trade with forty more.
These *Bookes* are lease by lease oft turn'd and tost,
Like the Garments of a *whore* (almost)
In both of them, with a wet finger may
Be folded or vnfolded, Night or Day.

More-

A Whore.

Moreouer 'tis not very hard to proue,
That *Bookes* and *Whores* may Riuals be in Loue,
(To purchase mens displeasures I am loth)
But sure good Schollers still hath lou'd them both.
Some *Bookes* haue their *Errataes* at the last
That tels their Errors and offences past.
So many great *Whores* did in state suruiue,
But when Death did their hatefull liues depriue,
Their *faults escap'd* and their *Errataes* then
Hath beene made manifest and knowne to men.
Some *Bookes* and *Whores* to wicked purpose bend
Doe, for their faults receiue one punishment.
As *Bookes* are often burnt, and quite forgotten,
So *Whores* are ouerstew'd, or rosted rotten. (bri
Experience shewes that *Bookes* much knowledge
And by experience *Whores* know many *Things*.
And as true Iustice, all mens losse repaires,
So *whores* doe giue to all men what is their's.
Terence she learns, yet will she much Rebuke
If we doe play the part of true *Eunuchs*.
As *Bookes* prophane, or elie Hereticall,
Or scurrillous, nor sence Serimaticall,
Peruersts mans Iudgement, and his soule pollutes
Such are all *whores*; and such will be their Fruites.
Some Slouens soyle a *Booke* in little space,
And flatter it, and so the Leaues deface:
And some againe will take a cleanly course
To reade it dayly, yet 'tis ne're the worse.
So some men vse a *whore*, when once they haue
They'le touze and teare, and be astly all beslaue

A Whore.

When Forty neat *whoremasters* might haue play'd

And vsde her, and she still be thought a Mayde.

He that doth Read a *Booke* he likes, would be

Alone, from any Interruption free,

And he that with a *whore*, would toy or lye,

Thinke desires no other Company.

When *Bookes* are wet, their beauty's gone or soyl'd,

So, wash a *whore*, and all her paintings spoyl'd.

And as an olde *whore* (spight of Paint or cloathing)

Falls at the last, the obiect of mens loathing,

Scorn'd and vnпитыed, and to finish all,

Lyes in a Ditch, or in an Hospitall.

So Pamphlets, and some workes of writers Graue

Are vsde much worse then *whores* by many a Knaue.

Who ne're regards the matter or the price,

But teare like Tyrants, to wrap Drugs or Spice,

Which is worse in Priuy matters vsd them.

Or worst of all, like Roarers they abuse them,

When as they Rend good *Bookes* to light and dry

Tobacco (Englands bainefull Diety).

And 'tis a thing I ne're thought on before,

* *Booke's* examin'd stricter then a *whore*.

There's not a Sheet, a Lease, a Page, a Vearse,

Or worde, a sillable, or letter (scarce)

But that (Authority) with Iudgements eye,

Shall diligently looke, and search, and pry,

And gage the sence, and first will vnderstand all,

But in a Phrase, or word, there lurke a scandall.

And my poore *whore* in this hath not bin spar'd,

Her skirts were curtayld, and her nayles were* par'd.

All's

* Now as
dayes.

* She would
haue scratch'd
herselfe else.

A Whore.

All's one for that, though she such vſage had,
She's not left naked, though not richly clad,
I knew she muſt be queſtion'd and I ſay,
I am right glad ſhe ſcap'd ſo well away.
And ſhould all *whores* of high and lowe Degree,
(As *Bookes* are) to account thus called be,
The Whoriſh number would waxe very ſmall,
Or elſe men neuer could examine all.

This Booke my *Whore* or elſe this *whore* my Booke
(Shee beares both Names, ſo neither is miſtooke)
Reſpects not all her enemies a ſtraw,
If ſhe offended, ſhe hath had the Law,
She was examin'd, and ſhe did Confeſſe,
And hath endur'd the torture of the Preſſe :
Her faults are Printed vnto all mens ſight,
Vnpartially declar'd in blacke and white,
And laſt, in *Pauls* Church-yard, and in the ſtreets
She ſuffers Pennance vp and downe in Sheets.
And if all *Whores*, to doe the like were made,
A *Linnen Draper* were the richeſt Trade.

If any *Whore* be honeſter then mine is,
He write no more but ſtop my mouth with

FINIS.



ce,

ill,

Book
oke)

street
ets.
de,

with

